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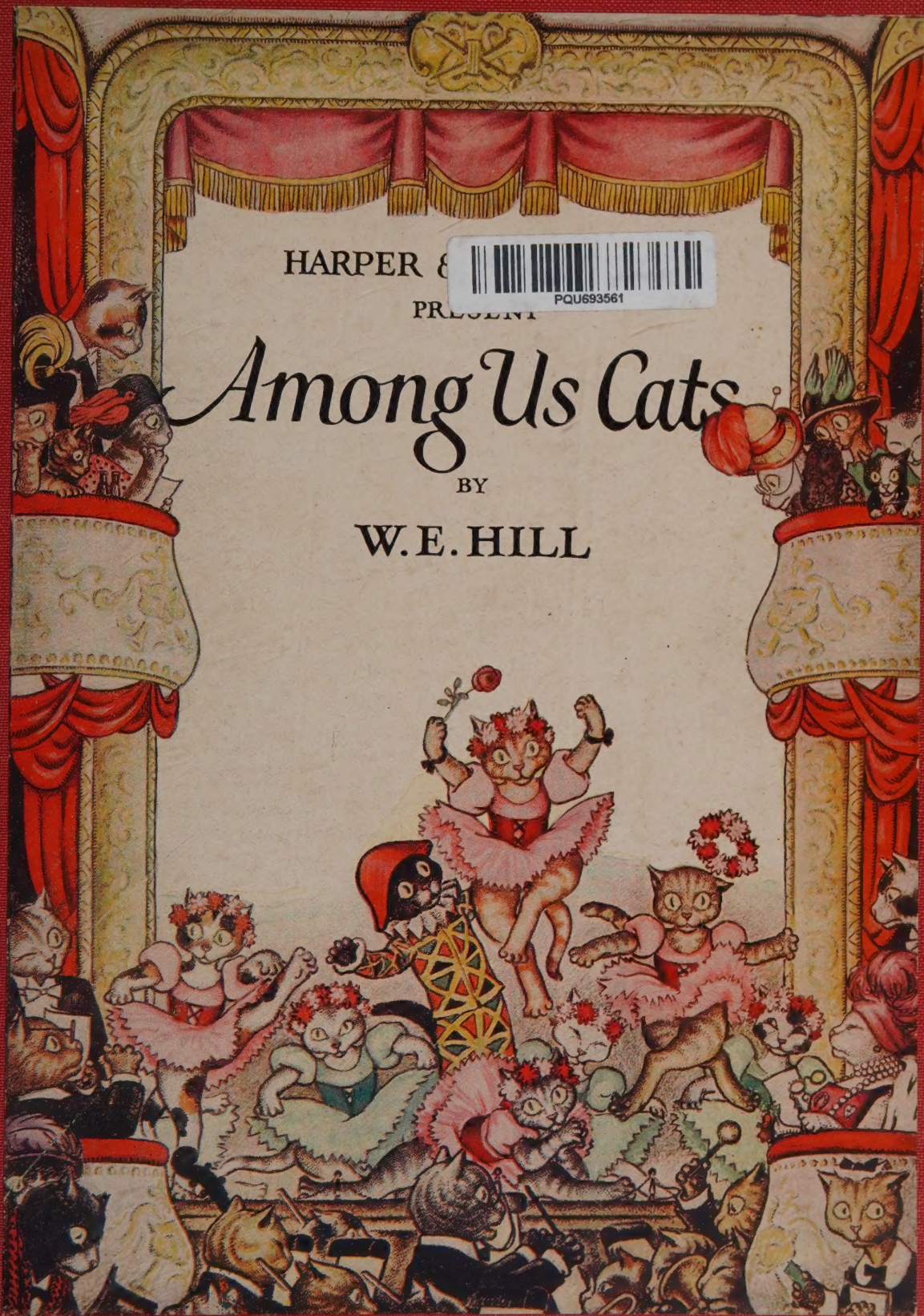


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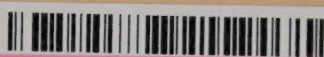
Among Us Cats

BY

W. E. HILL







P9-DCP-673



AMONG US CATS



AU MAGAZIN DU CHIC CHAT

LOUISE dear, how about this cute mouse-laine-de-soie, for my little ensemble? It's the new mouse blood shade!

Oh Julia darling, you'd regret it! The demimonde are all wearing mouse blood this season. Liver red, if red you must have, or even crushed shrimp, but *not* mouse blood for street wear—particularly on a blonde!

Among Us Cats

TEXT
AND
PICTURES
BY
W. E. HILL



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AMONG US CATS

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First Edition

K-A

To
GILBERT MURRAY HYDE

This Book
is
Dedicated

AMONG US CATS

THE FAST CAT

“There’s injustice for you, Mrs. Pussymeow! Look at poor Mrs. Moistmew, as hard working as you could wish, and six children to support every three months. They say she can hardly afford mouse meat once a month, while there’s that yellow-furred hussy, Lilly Nighthowl, never does a stroke of work, not so much as a single kitten in two years, and everything that money can buy from the cat’s meat man!”





THE FAST CAT

THE POLITICAL RALLY

The auditorium of the Growl Avenue School is the scene of a vivid civic gathering this evening. Mrs. Stewart McMilk, head of that glorious movement whereby milk for the destitute masses is provided on alternate Fridays, is star speaker of the evening. The rally is in the nature of a drive to gain prestige for assemblycat-elect Katmouser, who, as everyone knows, has worked night and day for the Milk Fund. He it was who got the labels changed from "Grade B" to "Grade A" on free bottles of milk so that the poor would feel they were getting the best of everything. Mrs. McMilk is talking on the modern cat and her place in the political world.

"Many old-fashioned cats," says Mrs. McMilk, "felt that when cat housewives entered politics the home would suffer. However, statistics show that, since we have gone to the polls, there have been more kittens than ever before."

Several lady cats on the platform feel that somehow Mrs. McMilk has not said quite the right thing.

"My dear," Mrs. Stanley Katkin is whispering to Mrs. Abelard Fishbone, "you can depend on Maud McMilk to put the wrong paw forward every time!"





THE POLITICAL RALLY

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

"Three nights this week she's met him on the back fence, and once he didn't come home at all. Only yesterday I found a tuft of yellow fur on his coat. And if I ask him where he's been he only growls and tells me he has to be sociable on account of his practice. I just hope and pray, Mrs. Rodent, there'll be no more kittens."

"Oh, you poor, poor dear! I don't see how you endure it. Those yellow-furred hussies are all a bad lot. I know for a fact that she sold her last six kittens to the fur man for summer ermine."





THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

WAITING AT THE FIRST TEE

Poor Lizzie Morsel, the stylish stout cat, is unburdening herself to a chance acquaintance while waiting to drive off. Says she, "My dear, I think golf is very much overrated for a cat who wants to reduce. I get so hungry doing eighteen holes, and find so many field mice, to say nothing of an occasional bird, that I come off the links *pounds* heavier."





WAITING AT THE FIRST TEE

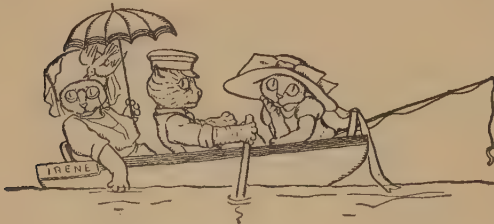
THE SUMMER HOTEL.

It is the midday crowded hour on the porch of the Kits Karlton Inn, at Lake Fleabite, which, as you probably know, is not far from Purr Harbor. Lake Fleabite, while not quite so fashionable, is just as expensive and more do-as-you-please than Purr Harbor. The *à la cat* roast mouse shore dinners at the Kits Karlton are known far and wide. The rocking chair brigade on the porch, is a little more upset than usual over the goings-on of the younger set. In particular, something should be done about the outrageous flirtation between young Willy Veal and the pretty trained nurse who pilots old Mr. Growl's wheel chair about the grounds. Sooner or later some one will bring Willy's conduct to Mrs. Veal's attention, and then there will be a scene. (If you are interested in seeing Mrs. Veal, you will find her busy with an insect-powder shampoo in the first window from the right, on the second floor.) Almost, but not quite as disturbing to the older generation are the Misses Morsel, Gloria and Babs, who are to be seen walking up and down the porch meowing shamelessly at young Walter Prowler, the college catlete. "So's your old Tom Cat," is Gloria's latest. Sitting on the top step are two old-fashioned cats, Miss Mabel McMeaty and Miss Edna Pounce; sweet, wholesome, lady-like girls who are very popular with the elderly cats at the hotel.

"Oh, dear," mews Miss McMeaty, who is hard at work on a cross-word puzzle, "what *is* a synonym for *Fish* in five letters?"

"Trout," answers Miss Pounce quick as a wink. Oh, they are smart girls! Framed in the windows beyond Mrs. Veal's room, Miss Grayce Gravy and Miss Mewriel DeLousey, of the "Fits and Starts of 1927" Company, are preparing to knock 'em cold when they appear in the dining room. Miss Gravy and Miss DeLousey are the scandal of the hotel

because they use mascara on their whiskers in broad daylight. In the immediate foreground two jolly school teachers are playing croquet, and nearby Miss Daisy Choppedbeef, the middle-western heiress, is snapshotting a boy friend.





THE SUMMER HOTEL

THE PERMANENT WAVE

"Oh, how I envy you short-haired cats! People don't realize, Miss Jenny, how hard it is for us professional beauties. This permanent waving nearly kills me. Positively another year I think I will have a boyish bob!"





THE PERMANENT WAVE

THE FINISHING SCHOOL

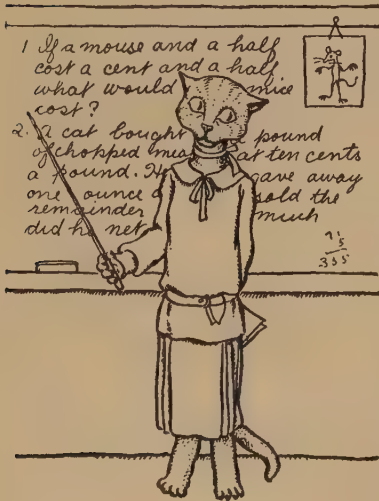
One has only to glance through the circular from Miss Mousey's Hall at Garden Kitty to see what a really splendid institution it is. Young lady cats of all ages, under refined tutelage, are taught mousing, dramatic expression, bird lore, and husbandry. Educational trips to the city are a weekly feature. Special classes in the sublimation of sex are provided, extra. Feeble-minded and backward kittens are given special consideration under the direction of Miss Harriet Fishback, Bryn Meower 1910. Miss Fishback is also prowling instructress. This morning six boarders and one day scholar, under the careful chaperonage of Miss Fishback, are awaiting the train to town. They are going to do the Natural History Museum and the Aquarium. Miss Fishback is unburdening herself to a friend.

"I get so sick of chaperoning them," she wails. "It's like pulling

whiskers to get them past a bird store, and when we pass a butcher shop, they seem to lose their heads completely!"

"You poor lamb," sympathizes the friend, who was a teacher once, herself, in a State institution for wayward kittens. "I know how hard the life is."

"Oh, I get along well enough," Miss Fishback concludes, "'till the middle of the winter term, and then it seems as though the sight of a giggling kitten would drive me mad. There are days in February and March when I could cheerfully drown the whole class!"





THE FINISHING SCHOOL

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

The Christmas rush is in full swing at Katzman and Prowl's emporium. On the street floor a sale of catnippers, children's and misses' sizes, as advertised, is clogging the main aisle, and the salescats are nearly wild! Hard though it is to believe, cats who ordinarily are meek and mild, have completely lost their self-control this morning. Two green salescats at the feather trimming counter where the confusion was particularly unnerving, had to be reported for spitting back, and biting impatient customers. In the bargain basement a sale of pussy pants, odd sizes (in the mouselait shades), is in progress. The elevator to the left, the door of which has shut, unfortunately, on the sensitive tail of Mrs. Theodore Mew, is headed for the basement. The other elevator is all set for Mouseland on the fourth floor, where the toys are. From one to four-thirty in the afternoon a mouse Santa Claus will shake hands with each and every kitten under three weeks of age.





CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

THE LEGAL DISPUTE

The county court room at Katcall Center is the scene of much heat and argument these trying days, during the trial of Miss Edna May Ninetoe, teacher of kitten lore in the Katcall Center high school. It seems that one day Mrs. Irwin Mausbaum's little daughter, Delight Mausbaum, came home from school with the glad tidings that kittens, muskrats, and woodchucks were all more or less related way back in the time of the amœba.

"Well," said Mrs. Mausbaum, "so that's all you learn at high school." And she went to the school board about it. Well, the long and the short of it was that in no time at all the fundamentalists (not including the advanced fundamentalists, who believe that kittens were just a *little* inferior to perfect kittens when the world began) had Miss Ninetoe in court on the charge of making gross misstatements and undermining the theory that when the world began the heavens opened and cats and kittens were poured down for seven days and as many nights. "Besides," Mrs. Mausbaum has been telling Judge Growler on the witness stand, "it's not nice. My little girl has always been told that the doctor brings the new kittens in his black bag."

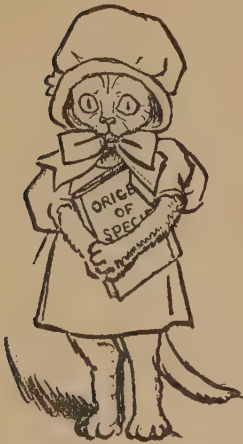
There are so many side issues that have to be considered.

"How," asks Mr. Klaw, counsel for the defense, in his most sarcastic legal tone, of Mr. Furfelt, counsel for the prosecution, "do you account for bats?"

"A bat," answers Mr. Furfelt, "is the child of a mouse who married beneath her. Which has nothing to do with the case, Mr. Klaw."

And so it goes. No wonder the court room is glad of a little relaxation when a sparrow flies by.

To the left of Judge Growler is Mrs. Mausbaum, with little Delight on the witness stand. Directly below sits Miss Ninetoe, shedding a modernist tear. To the right of the judge is the jury.





THE LEGAL DISPUTE

VARNISHING DAY

Varnishing day at the Acatemy is a big social event. Every cat who is anybody is sure to be on hand. In the immediate foreground is none other than the portrait painter of the hour, Basil Broiler, wrangling in an unseemly manner with Mrs. Clarence Von Hamburger, the society leader and patron of the fine arts, who was before her marriage little Jessie Prowl of Kittsburgh. Basil did a portrait of Mrs. Von Hamburger which, she claimed, did not do her justice. Mrs. Von H. refused to pay, and since then a terrific feud has been on. To the left of Basil is Miss Henrietta Creamlette, art critic of the Kats Arts Monthly, jotting down random impressions. The canvas entitled "The Mischief Katy Did" (extreme left, top row) is Miss Creamlette's first choice. As Miss Creamlette's article next month will tell you, in this picture the artist gets away from the influence of Picatso. She is going to devote an entire paragraph to the grave injustice done Van Whisker Purr by the hanging committee. They have unmercifully skied his canvas entitled "Hiding from Grand-

mama." To the right of Mrs. Von Hamburger are two artists of the old school, Henry Harrison Choicebit and Magnus Fishbone. Both are against modernism and are not showing anything at this year's Acatemy as a protest. With them are the two Choicebit offspring.

Beyond are two members of the lay public, Mrs. Roscoe Chippedbeef and Mrs. Newman Manx. "'Chum,' by Rollo Calico," reads Mrs. Chippedbeef, consulting her catalogue. "What a *silly* title!"

"Well," answers Mrs. Manx, "it may be art, but it's not a thing I'd want to live with!"





VARNISHING DAY

POOR LONE WIDOWS

"Don't you find it difficult, Mrs. Mange, taking care of your investments, now that poor Mr. Mange is a thing of the past?"

"Indeed I do, Mrs. Pawsey, *most* difficult. Only last week such a charming young tomcat called with a most alluring proposition—a synthetic salmon corporation that's just formed,—and I almost took a few shares. He had such likeable yellow eyes. 'Of course,' he said, when I demurred, 'I am urging you for your own good. If you *prefer* four per cent investments in shaky banks, when on the other hand I can get you from fifteen to twenty per cent, I have nothing to say.'"

"My poor husband used to say to me, 'Lizzie Pawsey, never invest in industrials when I am gone.' And I try to follow his wishes, only for the life of me I never *can* remember what 'industrials' are!"

"Well, Mrs. Pawsey, I feel we should rely on intuition. Now I instinctively trusted that young man, and I like the sound of synthetic salmon. So if he calls again I think I shall invest."

"I think you are wise, Mrs. Mange. Intuition is *everything*. What was the name of the young man?"





POOR LONE WIDOWS

HOW STARS ARE MADE

"It makes me sick to think what some cats will do for the sake of notoriety! Do you suppose she'd be where she is today if she hadn't got into a bath tub full of catnip tea, before a lot of reporters?"

"And making out, next day in court, that she thought it was milk all the time! Imagine!"

"Listen, girls, *have* you heard the latest? Her press-agent has announced her engagement to Rin-Tin-Tin, the wonder dog! Positively, it makes my hair stand on end!"



MORSELS OF 1922

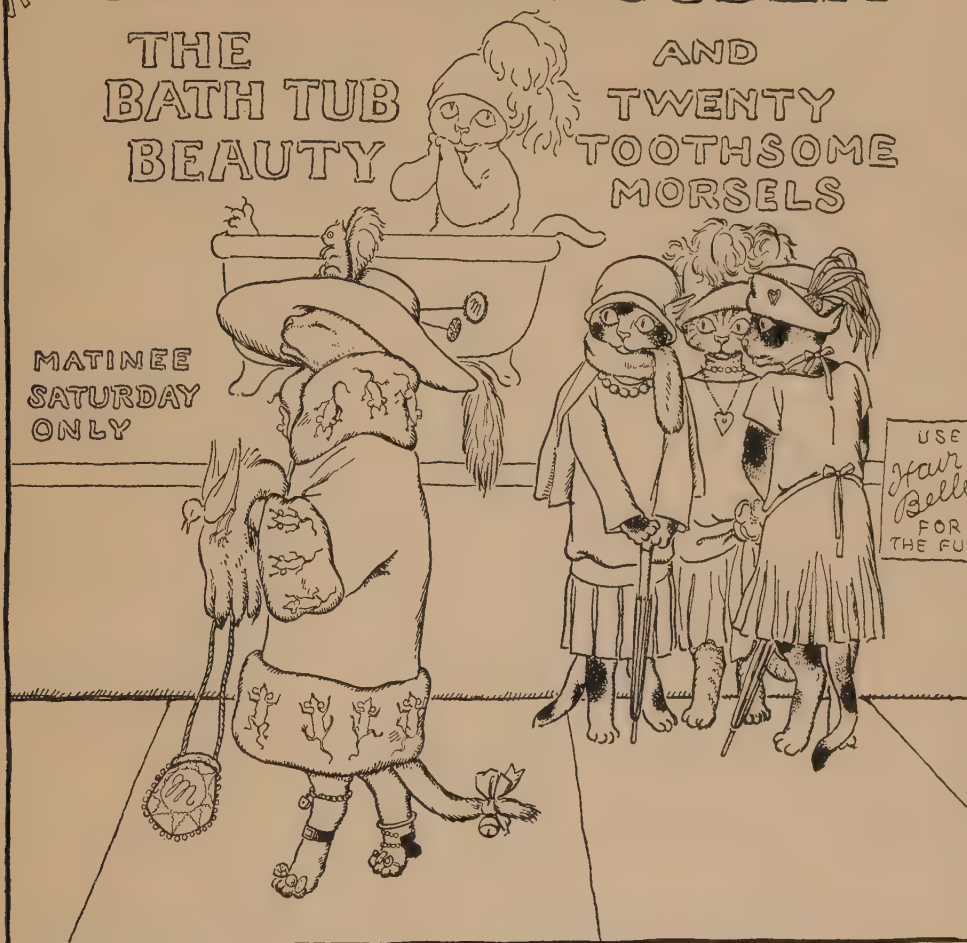
WITH MARILYN MOUSER

THE
BATH TUB
BEAUTY

AND
TWENTY
TOOTHsome
MORSELS

MATINEE
SATURDAY
ONLY

USE
*Your
Bells*
FOR
THE FUR



HOW STARS ARE MADE

THE CALL OF SPRING

"Ida, what is the matter with Letty these Spring days? Running up and down the curtains, meowing so strangely!"

"She's growing up, Adolf."

"Why, she's just a baby!"

"You forget, Adolf, that she's four and a half months old next Saint Catrick's day. She'll not be our little girl much longer and I'm terribly worried. There are so many rough boys in the neighborhood and Ida is such an impressionable little thing!"





THE CALL OF SPRING

WEDDED BUT NO WIFE

Poor Esther! She was young and unversed in the ways of the big city where nobody cared, and when she got off the train a handsome stranger accosted her and said he was the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Esther had always been crazy to meet the Pied Piper and she could not believe he lied. Months passed and one day she found herself alone in the city of sighs and tears, with a dozen and a half kittens to feed and clothe. It was the old, old story of innocent girlhood and deception. For days she haunted the studios, hoping to find work as an artist's model, but an attack of pernicious mange rendered her valueless to the better class of artists, and she could not lower herself to pose for the comic strips. One of the children, a puny, neurotic kitten who was afraid of mice, was drowned in a sink, and her mole tippet, the last of her finery, went to the pawnbroker so that the little one might have a decent burial in Salmondale Cemetery. From the hearse she saw in a florist's shop a sign: "Say it with Catnip on Mother's

Day." That decided her. She would leave the city and go home to her mother. Next day Esther packed her simple belongings, left a child or two who reminded her too poignantly of their father with the kindly janitor, and retraced her faltering steps homeward—to the little gray home she had learned to value above the gilded city with its hollow mockery. And here we will leave her, explaining to her mother why she wears no wedding ring, and why she was too busy to write.





WEDDED BUT NO WIFE

THE MATERNITY WARD

This is a cross section of Saint Katkin's Hospital showing a ward during visiting hours and on the floor above, a corridor leading to and from the operating room. Above, en route to the elevator, is Mrs. Klaus Mouseman, still under ether. Mrs. Mouseman is having a most fearful ether dream—imagine—she thinks she is on a platform in a cabaret, with almost no clothes on, completely surrounded by an audience of dogs!

Below stairs, in the center bed on the right, lies poor Josie Night-howl (sister of Lilly), in trouble again. Josie is a nice girl—a little wild perhaps, but good at heart and trusting to a fault. Three gentlemen friends are calling.

In the same row in the immediate foreground Nurse Mince is giving poor Mrs. Bessie Hiss a catnip rub. Mrs. Hiss hasn't slept these two nights, worrying over Mr. Hiss—wondering what he's doing with himself and all that.



Across the aisle in the far-off bed, is Mrs. Roy Prowl and family. Mr. Prowl is sitting by the bedside. His visits have been few, and Mrs. Prowl is saying, "You might at least have sent me a card on Mother's Day!"

The nurses are talking over the fresh internes. "There was I," nurse Spratt is saying "on night duty in an emergency ward, and him wanting me to come out for a stroll, the fresh thing! and three dozen kittens or more, due any minute!"



THE MATERNITY WARD

THE NEW RADIO

"The radio has been *so* dull lately. Don't you find it so, Mrs. Purr?"

"Indeed I do, Mrs. Mange-Smith. Why, last evening all we could get was station WOOF from the Isle of Dogs where they were broadcasting from the confessionals of the Church of Saint Towser the Quaint. *Such* a dull program!"

"And those cheap jokes from the announcer. He always says, 'Good night, folks, hot dog!' Vulgar! Mrs. Purr, is one thing I cannot condone!"





THE NEW RADIO

AN AFTERNOON AT THE MOVIES

This is a typical matinee audience at the Klaw Theater, where for three days of the current week Miss Gloria Catlett is appearing in "Paws of Desire," a screen dramatization of "Three Little Kittens, They Lost Their Mittens." Seated on the left at the end of the row is Mrs. Frank Milk accompanied by her dearest friend, Mrs. Roy Prowl, with three of her lovely children, Perry, Morgan, and Junior by name. "Gloria Catlett is getting too fat to act these vamp rôles," comments Mrs. Milk; "they say she has had her whiskers lifted again!" To the right of the Prowl kittens is Miss Mary Hearthmat, whose afternoon has been ruined by a drunken cat who came and sat next her, and leaned way over and pinched her paw. She is getting up to change her seat. "He smelt so strongly of catnip that I am surprised the usher let him in!" said poor Miss Mary.





AN AFTERNOON AT THE MOVIES

THE SOFT COAL

Mrs. Leone Whitebait: Oh this soot! I lick my paws twenty times a day and go over my face thoroughly, but I can't keep it white!

Mrs. Bessie Black: Really, dearie? Well, I must say I like the soft coal smoke. The soot is perfectly grand for a shiny nose like mine.



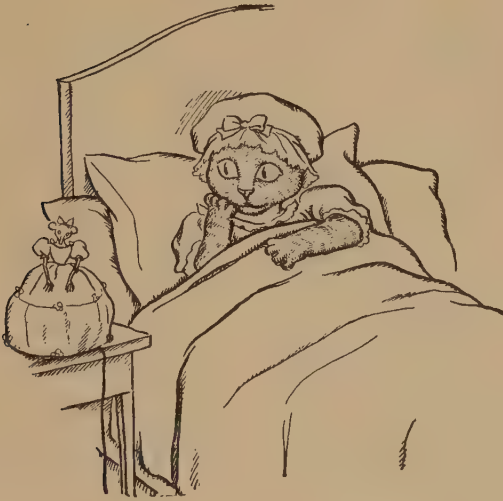


THE SOFT COAL

INTERIOR DECORATED

"What a lovely room, Mrs. Salmonstein. Is it period?"

"Yes, Mrs. Moistpaw, it's Louis Katorze. I wish now I had stuck to Victorian. You see, my dear, it's not what I call a livable room. Liver red and canary yellow and mouse gray are pretty colors, but they are restless colors. I can't get a wink of sleep thinking about that Frieze!"





INTERIOR DECORATED

THE TENNIS MATCH

Great is the excitement among those fortunate ones who are on hand to witness the finals in the International Tennis Championship Match, which is being fought out at Mouse Hills. Mlle. Longclaws and Miss Florence Scratchey are the contesting parties. Miss Scratchey has won three sets running. Her rival, so it seems, has suddenly been overtaken by the most virulent form of a cat fit. Not just the ordinary common or garden variety of cat fit, but something out of the ordinary in its intensity.

"Poor dear!" several impressionable onlookers are saying, "the heat has been too much for her!"

Miss Scratchey is unsympathetic. "Positively, it's sickening," she complains to young Freddy Castorbilt. "The minute her luck goes against her, she pretends she's sick to get sympathy from the gallery. Why, she's no more got a cat fit than I have. She's just mad, that's all!"





THE TENNIS MATCH

THE BLONDE IN BLACK

"I don't believe she cared two straws for those kittens."

"Nor do I. It's just that these yellow cats all think they look well in black."

"*And*, my dear, you knew, didn't you, that this was the second batch of kittens to fall in the rain barrel? Don't you think it looks queer?"





THE BLONDE IN BLACK

THE GROWING KITTEN

"I'm so upset, Mrs. Purrdy; our Francie has been expelled from boarding school for the second time this term."

"You don't mean it, Mrs. Livermore. What was it, kittens again?"

"Worse, Mrs. Purrdy. She was caught cheating in her domestic science examination. Would you believe it, her teacher, Miss Fishback, found a mouse trap in her desk during mousing time!"

"Well, my dear, I shouldn't worry. She's just at that restless age. We're having no end of trouble with little Lawrence. He won't study, and he's beginning to ask questions. Only yesterday he asked his Aunt Margaret how kittens come, and when she told him the milkman brought them, he spat at her. We're going to have his tonsils out next week."

"My dear, it won't do a bit of good. We had Francie's catnoids removed and she's just as unruly as ever!"





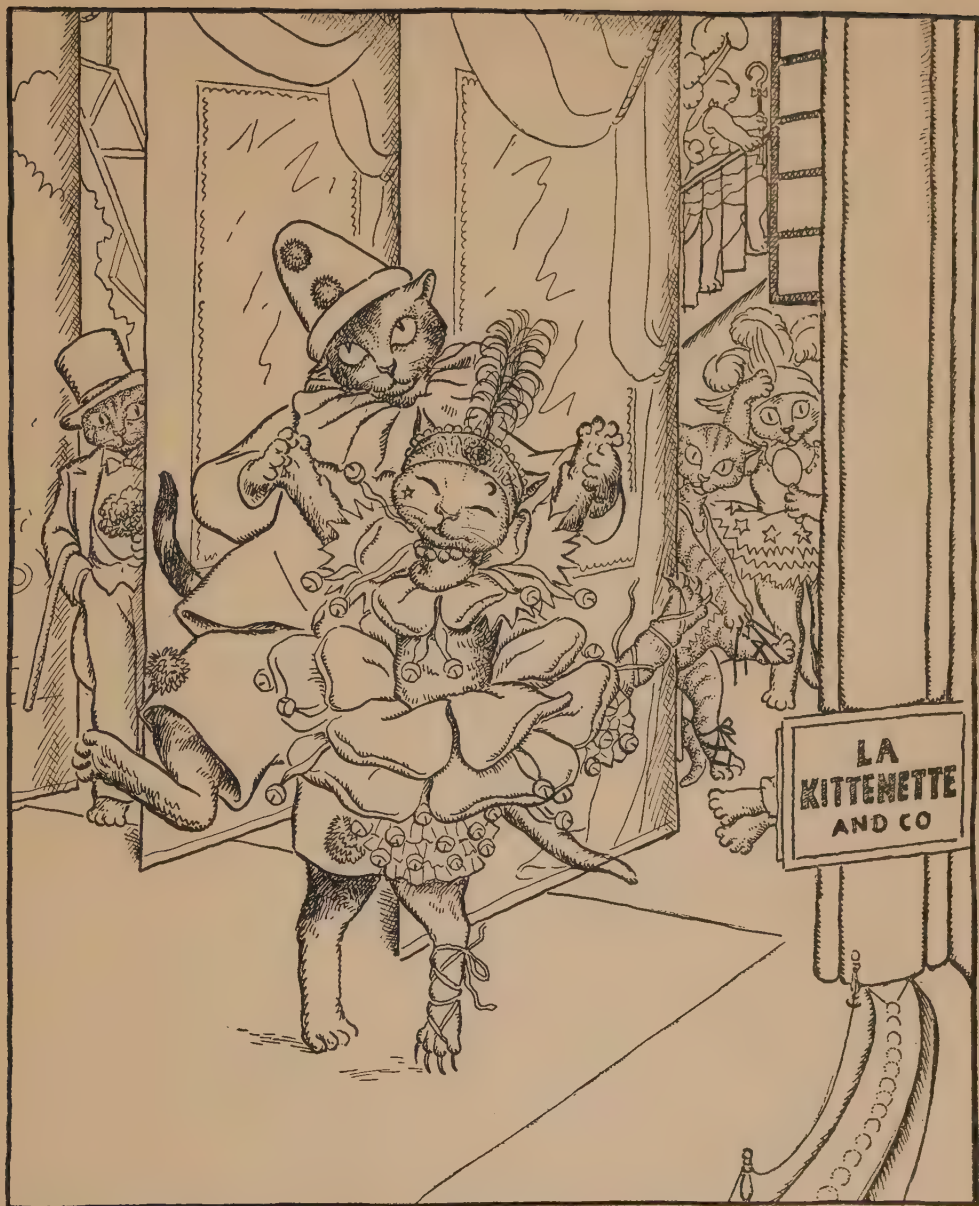
THE GROWING KITTEN

THE VAUDEVILLE HEADLINER

La Kittenette and her partner are doing a rarely beautiful dance number to the strains of "Mighty Lak a Rose." While not exactly a classic dance, it is a sort of purification of the Charleston, and is very refined. Kittenette dances on her claws. Some people think she is better than Clawova, the Russian artiste. Not, however, Miss Toots Catcall nor Miss Pert Chop, who are discussing the headliner in the wings. "Why," queries Miss Catcall, "should she have the best dressing room, the only one, in fact, with a mouse hole in it?"

"Dearie, where *have* you been?" replies the dashing Miss Chop. "You should know that her sweetie manages this theater, and her daddie, the catnip king, is backing the show!"





THE VAUDEVILLE HEADLINER

HATS

"My dear, I'm simply worn out, trying on hats. I can't find a thing that will fit an angora. All the head sizes are for short hair. I suppose I'll have to get a bob after all!"





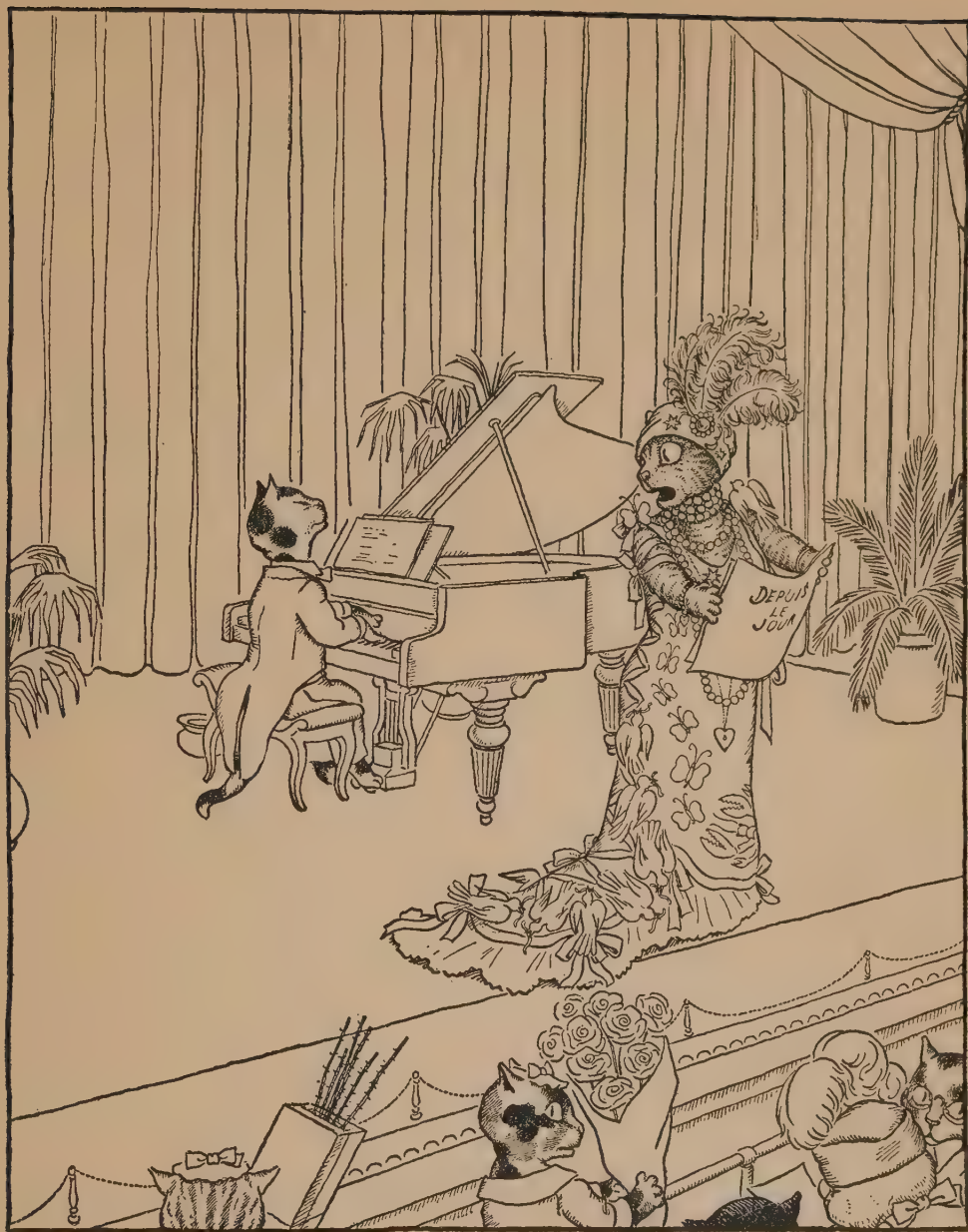
HATS

THE RECITAL

Meowlan Hall is the scene of a great personal triumph for Mme. Kitty Catti-Catti of the Catropolitan Opera Company on the evening of her first song recital. She is a pure coloratura, with touches of the dramatic. In one number, a selection from *Micetersinger*, three extra bars of cadenzas have been added especially for her, simulating the squeals of a mouse in great travail, and the effect is positively electrifying. But the really popular song is a request number entitled "'Tis mickle a muckle a mousie hae I, now I hae gie ye mine." Coming at the end of rather a classic program, it makes a very effective encore. The evening's one and only unpleasantness lies at the door of young Harry Wren, madame's accompanist, who, carried away by undue emotion, is purring over-loudly and has thrown Mme. Catti-Catti completely off key in "Depuis le jour."

A rival prima donna in the balcony claims that the floral tributes, which the lady ushers are waiting to hand across the footlights when the last grace note shall have died away, have been rented by Madame from an obliging florist. That, however, may be nothing more than professional jealousy.





THE RECITAL

WHAT HAPPENED TO EVELYN

"Why, Evelyn dear, what is the matter? And why are you home from the Meowthodist social so early? There, there, precious, tell mama!"

"Well, mama, just for fun I asked Mr. Milkins, the new minister, to go back of the church with me and look for catnip. And just to see if he were all he seemed to be, I got just a teeny bit fresh with him—just the teeniest bit. I only patted his paw, and oh, mumsy—!"

"Don't cry, lambkins; tell mama, what did he do?"

"Mama, he practically told me to my face I had no sex appeal whatever!"

"Oh the Brute! The Beast! We won't go near the Meowthodist church again! We'll take up Mew Thought tomorrow!"





WHAT HAPPENED TO EVELYN

FLAMING YOUTH

"Why, Mrs. Kitby! What *has* happened to Mewriel and Teeney?"

"I don't wonder you ask, Mrs. Salmonstein. The little good-for-nothing hussies went to a petting party last night, and came home clawed almost beyond recognition!"





FLAMING YOUTH

THE DEPARTMENT STORE

Mrs. Arthur Forepaugh and Mrs. Eldred Scratch are Christmas shopping among the books at Ratbitz and Battenburg's. ("Style and distinction for the discriminating cat," is the trade slogan.)

"Well," began Mrs. Forepaugh, "I have the fish head smelling bottle for old Miss Spitts, the salmon bone container for Cousin Frank's wife, and now there's Lizzie—what can I get for Lizzie? She has *everything*."

"Why not a book?" Mrs. Scratch suggested.

"Just the thing," agreed Mrs. Forepaugh. "Lizzie's a great stay-at-home."

"If she loves her home," said a salescat who had been listening attentively, "your friend might like 'These Charming Rats' by Michael Snarling. Everyone's reading it. Or 'A Few Pigs from Gristles' by Edna Meow. That's very choice!"

"Have you anything by a nice standard author?" asked Mrs. Forepaugh, who is of a very conservative Angora family.

"Yes, we have 'A Tale of Two Kitties' by Charles Chickens, and then there's 'The Little Meows of St. Catsie of Afleasie' if you want a gift book."

"I'm afraid Lizzie's read those," put in Mrs. Scratch. "What's the newest book you have?"

"We have Miss Furbear's 'Sow Pig.'"

"Has it a happy ending?"

"Not exactly. It's the story of a pig who never outgrew her environment although she hated mud and slime. But it's a *darling* story if you like character."

"My friend likes cheerful books."

"Then," said the salescat in desperation, for it was nearly her lunch hour and she was to meet a friend in the doorway of 'Ye Olde Time Mouse Hole' tea room, "why don't you get your friend 'Glands Regulating Personality' by Mr. Furman? It's a *sweet* book."

"Mac Forepaugh," interrupted Mrs. Scratch at this point, "I once spent a month boarding in a pet shop, and if *you knew* all I *know* about *monkeys* you'd never read a line that has to do with *monkey glands*!"





THE BOOK DEPARTMENT

SLUMMING

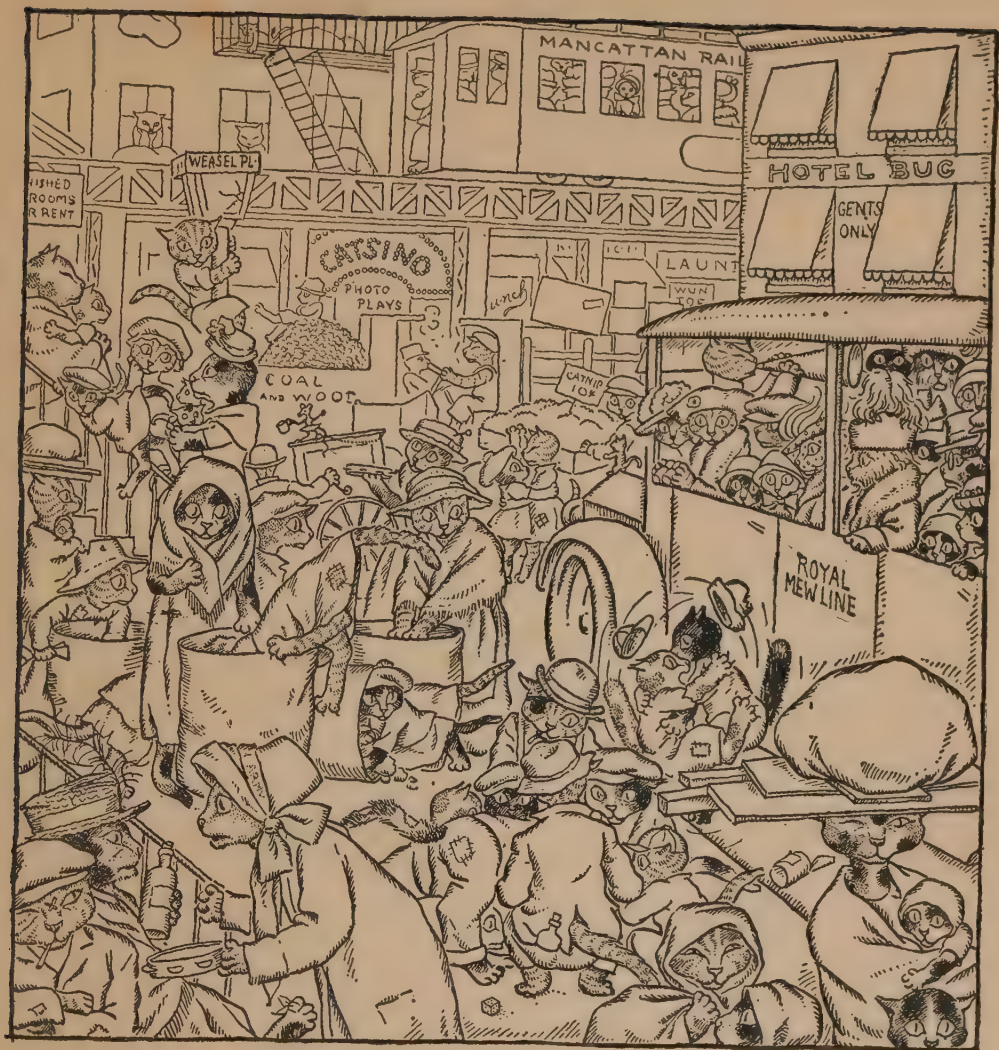
The Catsmeat Dealers' Convention with headquarters at the Hotel Catler, is in full swing this week. Everything is being done for the delegates to make their stay in the city both pleasant and memorable. Today, as guests of the Royal Mew Line, delegates and delegates' wives and kittens are on a slumming expedition, seeing, as it were, how the other half lives.

"Such squalor," remarks Mrs. Alex Oysterout to her friend, Mrs. Crosby Bacon. "I *don't* see how they live. I almost wish I hadn't come!"

"I wouldn't let your sympathies be preyed upon too strongly," replies Mrs. Bacon knowingly. "They enjoy living this way. I've heard that if you take them out of the slums and put them in better quarters, they come right back again."

"My dear," says Mrs. Oysterout, sighing with relief, "I'm so glad you told me that. I shall feel much better about slums in the future. Otherwise I should have scarcely slept a wink tonight, thinking of them. Depression is a terrible thing!"





SLUMMING

THE LADIES' LIFE CLASS

Tuesday morning is always a trying day in an art school. Almost everyone is in the wrong place, and those who are where they should be wish they weren't.

Tuesday is criticism day, and that makes for tears and heartaches generally. Mr. Katzenberg, who oversees the lady-cats' life class, is less sarcastic than most instructors, but he can be pretty outspoken at times. Only last Tuesday he told poor, hard-working Grace Dumphy she must have drawn with her back feet! Grace went down to the coatroom and cried and cried, but, being a sensible cat, she realized it was for her own good, and right away she began to study her anatomy book. Now, she never makes a drawing of a cat with five ears.

There is a slight discussion this morning. Some say that Mrs. Crow, the model, has shifted from yesterday's pose. "It's the students who are in the wrong positions," says Mrs. Crow, at once on the defensive (for you have to be firm with art students), "not me. I made a claw mark in the model stand where I posed yesterday."

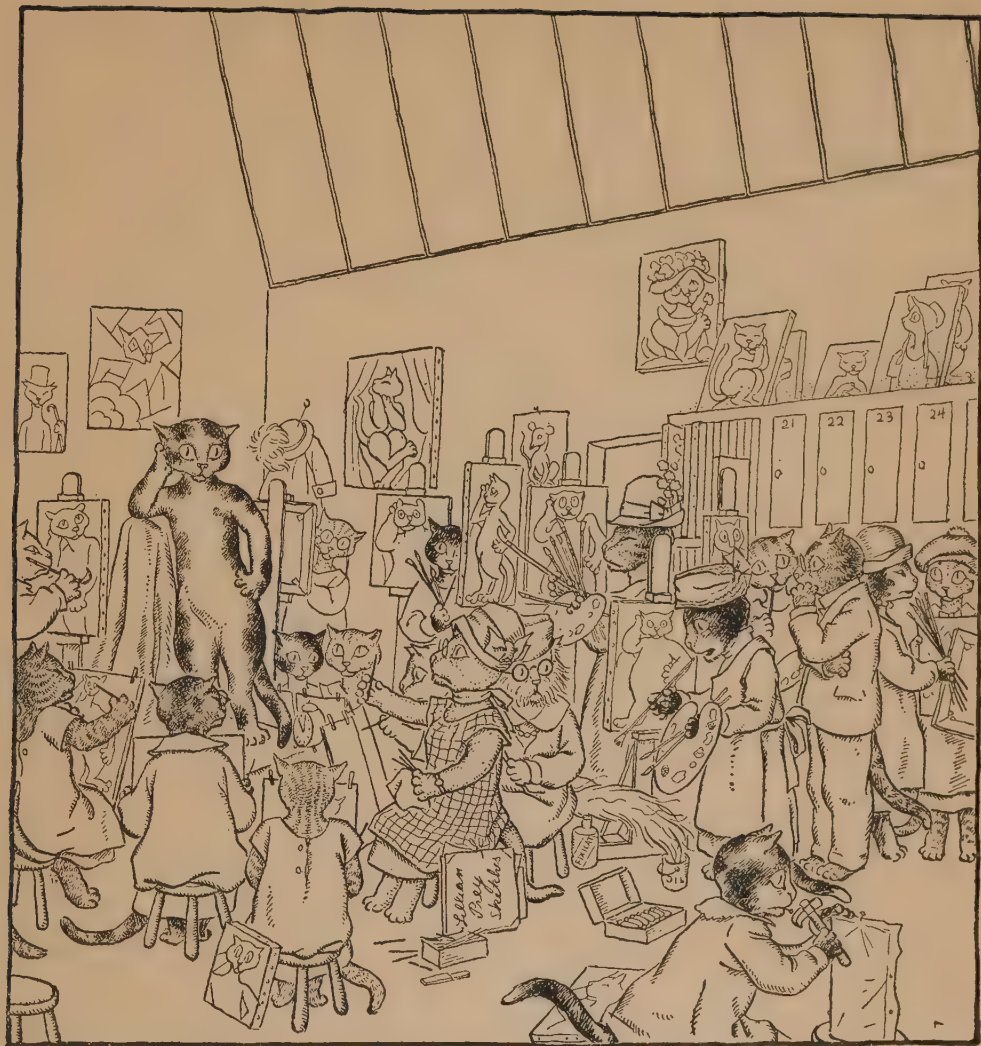
In the front row, measuring how many heads there are to Mrs. Crow's anatomy, sits Lillian Prey, who works and chatters light heartedly. Lillian is very sociable. "Oh dear," she giggles, "how *does* one draw a foot? I've drawn one with eight toes."

"Hush, Lillian," warns her friend, Madeline Forepaugh. "Mr. Katzenberg has come."

"You must make the form more significant," Mr. Katzenberg is telling Betty Wiggle, "and be careful of your color. Make it purr!"

Just back of Betty and Mr. Katzenberg, by the lockers, Allene Mewer and Dottie Litter are planning to knock off for the morning. "I can't do a thing from this model," Dottie complains. "She's got a figure like a dog!"





THE LADIES' LIFE CLASS

THE MUSICAL COMEDY

This is the one hundred and fiftieth performance of that snappy musi-cat revue, "Oh, Oh, Mouse," and the six English Cuddle Cats from the Alhambra Music Hall are performing their celebrated skipping-rope dance. But alas and alack, so to speak, what is nightly the hit of the show has been a perfect frost this evening all through the carelessness of Miss Billie Ninetoe, who made a misstep and got tangled badly in her rope, all through having suddenly noticed a mouse running up the aisle. Poor Billie! Won't she get a bawling out backstage! On either side of the unfortunate Billie are two prize chorus beauties, Miss Grayce De Mew and Miss Irene Rodent. Miss



Rodent is one of those pretty Jewish chorus cats. Her real name is Mousebaum, but the Mousebaums felt it so terribly when Irene took up the stage that Irene had to protect her family. That's the kind of a girl Irene is. Neither Grayce nor Irene nor Billie is on speaking terms with the black and white kitten on the end of the line, who, just because she is a friend of the musical director, has been given three mews in act second. And not a vestige of talent! The black and white kitten (Miss Babe Canary by name) has told the musical director that she is only six months old, but Grayce and Billie and Irene know for a certainty that two years ago she was working for a concern which got out "The Excelsior Rat and Mouse Exterminator." Babe used to demonstrate in a store window. That was two years ago, mind you, and, says Irene, "She was no kitten then!"



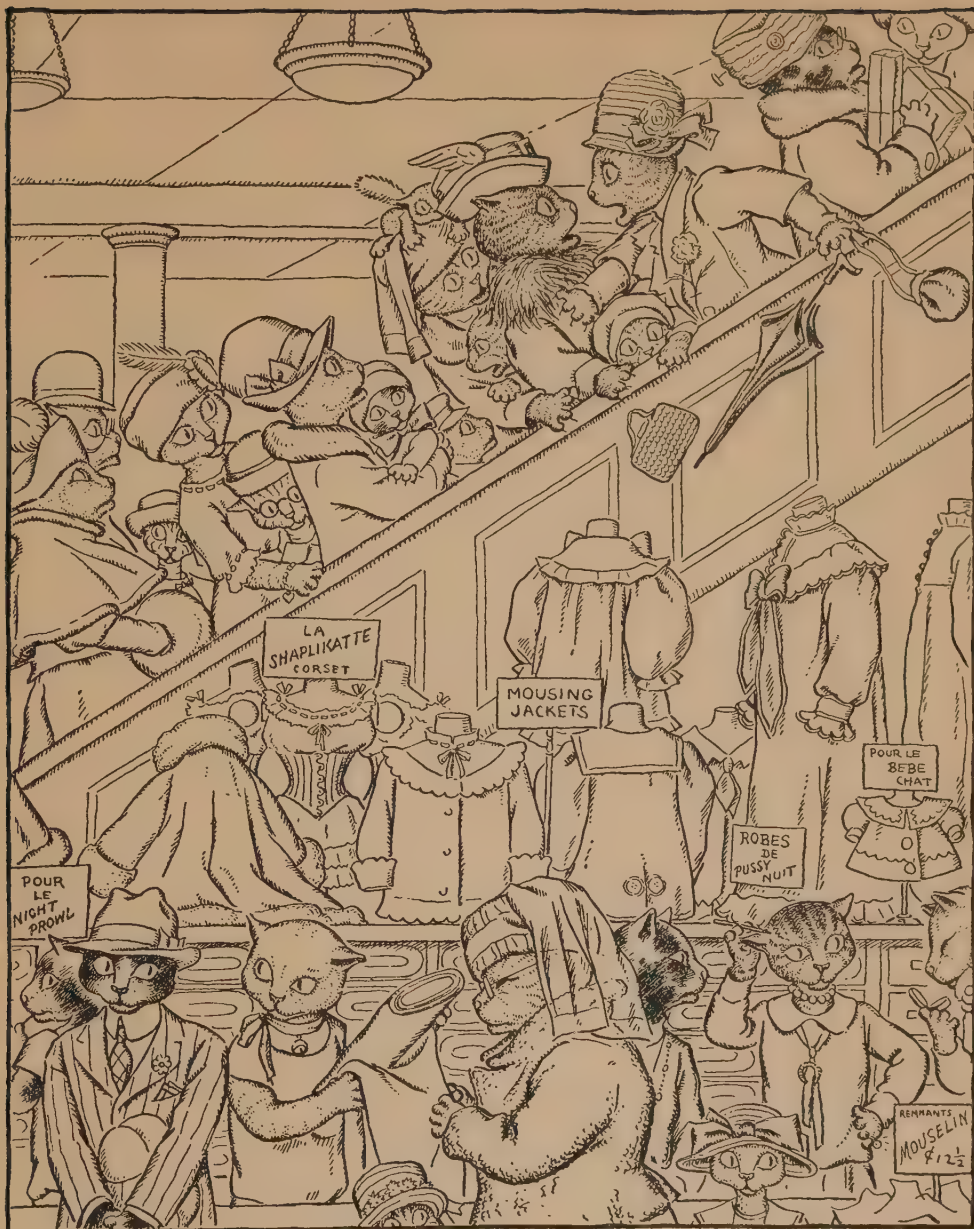
THE MUSICAL COMEDY

THE MOVING STAIRWAY

Such a commotion as there is this morning on the escalator connecting the main floor of Katzman and Prowl's emporium with the rest room and kiddie-kitten's wear department on the second floor. Little Mrs. Roy Liverwitz, a bride of three days, has become separated from her darling Roy! Being an impulsive little thing, she is trying to make her way back to her lord and master without delay. Sadly impeding Mrs. Liverwitz in her downward trend are, Mrs. Arthur Mouseman senior, Mrs. Arthur Mouseman junior, and several infant Mousemans, bound for the rest room.

Roy is waiting below, near the dress goods counter, behind which a beautiful saleslady cat is assuring an elderly Tabby that the catnip green mouselaine "will look salmon pink at night!"





THE MOVING STAIRWAY

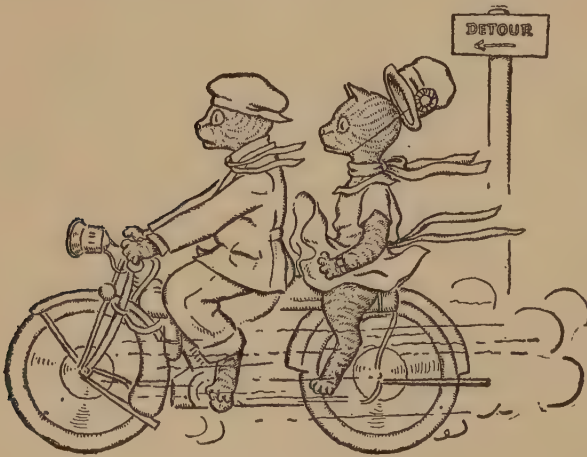
THE STATE ROAD

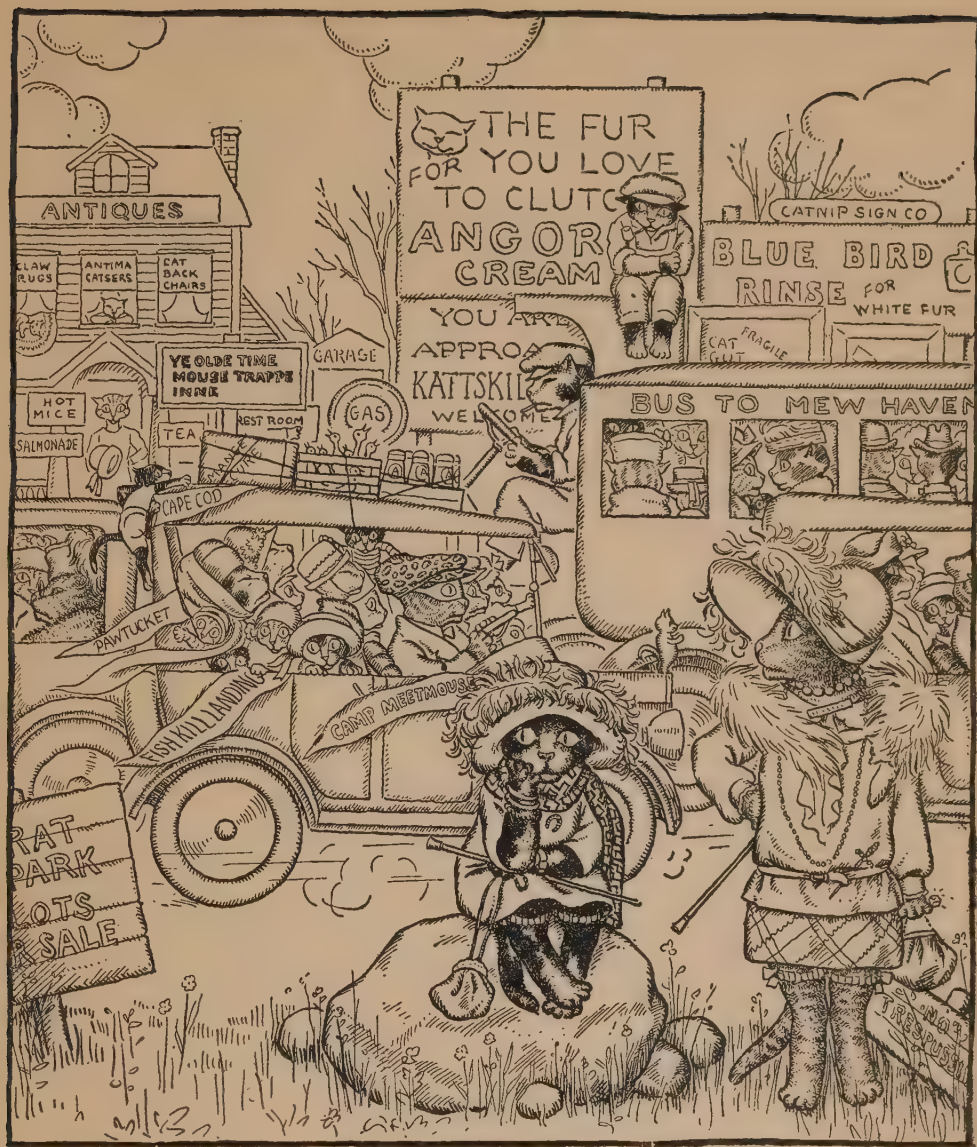
The Mew Haven state road on Saturday afternoon is a busy thoroughfare. Jitneys, trucks, and camping parties—they are all out. Today nothing but cheap cars seem to be in the highway, which is very unfortunate because Josie Nighthowl and her second cousin, Maud Lillian Kitland, are waiting for a lift back to Mew Haven, that gay university town wherein is Wail University.

There hasn't been a Rolls Mouse, or a Catalac, or even a Mewick along in goodness knows how many minutes. Josie and Maud Lillian are walking home from a joy ride. The students turned out to be townies, and when they got too fresh with their paws and claws out near Mouseland Amusement Park there was nothing for Josie and Maud Lillian to do but get out and walk.

"I never would have thought it of them," Josie is saying. "The polite way that yellow one came up and said 'Call me mouse, I'm the cat's.' He said it so cute I nearly lost a life, laughing."

"Well, I wasn't so sure they were students," Maud Lillian opines, "but I supposed they were at least traveling salescats. I only hope your sister Lilly won't hear of it. Townies, ugh!"





THE STATE ROAD

HOLLYWOOD MATERIAL

"Good gracious, Mrs. Shrimpy, what *is* the matter with Clara?"

"Really, I don't know *what* we are going to do with her, Mrs. Morbidmaus. Ever since she won that beauty contest she's been a changed kitten. Never does a thing around the house any more. A mouse could walk right up to her for all she'd care! All she thinks about is that job in the pictures they promised her. And from morning to night she's up in front of that mirror, practising vamping!"





HOLLYWOOD MATERIAL

SHE NEVER KNEW

Oh! the tragedy of this moment in the life of Grace Belle, a sub-deb whose mama, a dyed-in-the-wool Victorian, has neglected to tell her daughter a lot of things.

Grace Belle, her watchful mama, and her younger sister Catricia are waiting at the Mew Haven station for the train back home. Heavily chaperoned, Grace Belle has been up at Wail University for prom week. It was a disheartening experience. Somehow or other things were wrong from the start. While not exactly avoiding her, the boy cat who had invited Grace Belle always seemed to be busy attending recitations or chapel or something. Then, too, at the college dances the boys never seemed to cut in on her, and at the prom itself, she sat out some twenty-odd dances while her partner went to attend a lecture on the Cataline conspiracy. At least that's what he said, and Grace Belle felt that to doubt his word would be unlady-like. And now on the station platform, Grace Belle has seen for the first time the "Extermino" poster, the ad which has changed the lives of so many young cats! Poor Grace Belle.





SHE NEVER KNEW

2

In the lower stage box Mrs. Marcus Nighthaunt, with a gay party, is seeing the *Morsels* for the seventh time. "I can remember," Mrs. Nighthaunt confides to her dear friend, Viola Cuff, "going to '*Verminie*' to hear Pauline Squall years ago, and being terribly shocked because the chorus showed their claws. Times have certainly changed!"





GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN CAT

THE DÉBUTANTE WHO WOULD OVERDO

"Doctor, it's just one party after another! She's all run down, and last night she just would go to Eleanor Catkin's coming out ball, although I begged her not to. Being a débutante, she's afraid she'll miss something, so she accepts everything. And now she's caught mange, and goodness knows what else at the ball! Oh, this younger generation!"





THE DÉBUTANTE WHO WOULD OVERDO

THE ARTIST'S MODEL

Perry Paintpaw is doing a pair of mewralls called *Sacred and Profane Love* for the new Fish Grill in the Hotel Catler. Miss Lee Bristle, artist's model de luxe, has been posing for Cupid, and up to a few days ago was considered just the type. Then, after a lapse of two days, before and after the Katz Arts Ball, she returned to the studio, not the type at all. And now, chaperoned by her widowed aunt, Mrs. Katzfitz, Lee is trying to get back her job.

"She's not a bad girl, Lee isn't," Aunt Katzfitz is saying, "but lately it got around that she was posing as a model, quite undraped. After that her boy friends ceased to show her the respect that they used to, and Lee was simply at their mercy. Do take her back to pose for you, Mr. Paintpaw!"





THE ARTIST'S MODEL

THE CHILD WONDER

"And how is Nettie coming along with her music, Mrs. McMange?"

"Remarkably well, Mrs. Pussyproud. I just wish you could read the notices she got when she played with the Symphony Society. The *Flea Press* said that her rendering of *Mouseréré* was positively catastrophic. Oh, we're very proud of her!"





THE CHILD WONDER

DIRTY WORK ON THE DIAMOND

Everybody up for the ninth inning in the final game between the Pawtucket Bearcats and the Mew Haven Robins! The Robins are playing on the home diamond. The game was all in their favor until some member of the Bearcat contingent substituted a catnip ball, which was a pretty dirty trick. See what it has done to "Bugs" Fleabityer, who can usually be depended on to do great work in the outfield. The excitement in the bleachers is intense, as you can imagine.





DIRTY WORK ON THE DIAMOND

THE SLEEPING CAR

Section number seven in the sleeper "Sardina" of the Purr Harbor Express is in an uproar. Wouldn't you know that old Mr. Klaw Salmon would get into the wrong berth? No great harm has been done, and Mr. Salmon is backing out gracefully, but Mrs. Marie Moistpaw and her eight charming children will hardly get a wink of sleep the rest of their trip, after the fright. Those aroused from slumber in the immediate environs include the dashing Josie Nighthowl (of the gay Nighthowl sisters) descending warily from upper nine; Mr. and Mrs. Clam (en route to the Catsmeat Purveyors' Convention), in lower nine; young Charlie Ninetoe and his little bride of one day, the latter fearful of train wrecks, in upper five; Mr., Mrs., and Master McMange directly below; to say nothing of a detachment from the Wail University Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs saving money for the management by doubling in upper seven.





THE SLEEPING CAR

THE FREE THINKER

Mrs. Clark Cutlet, late of the Meowthodist Church and the Ladies' Aid, has taken up Mew Thought. She can, she says, simply by using Mew Thought, sit in front of a mouse hole, calmly and expectantly, and by concentrating, compel the mouse to come out. Mrs. Cutlet on this particular Sunday morning has had to pass the Meowthodist Church on the way to a Mew Thought meeting, with Master Cutlet. Several members of the Ladies' Aid are out in front and—oh, the reproachful glances!

"Anyone but Jenny Cutlet would lower her head in shame," whispers Mrs. Elbridge Furry to her friend and coworker, Mrs. Arthur Prowl. "Her Mother was a harum-scarum and Jenny's just her Mother all over again!"





THE FREE THINKER

THE TOILET GOODS COUNTER

They are doing no end of business at the perfume counter of Catstein Brothers' big store since the new *D'Jer Puss* and the *Venez avec Mouse* arrived from Paris. Miss Anna Pussy, the buyer, is forced to admit however, that *Narcisse Meower* and the *Quelque Chat* are not selling at all well. "I think it's because they don't waft, when in the open air," she explains.

Miss Nellie Vealloaf is looking over the assortment. "I want," says Nellie to the saleslady, "something *lasting*, something that won't just die on me the minute I get out on the street. I want to be noticed." Nellie will probably purchase a bottle of *Eau de Sheep*, which has a good pungent, penetrating effect on passers-by. Miss Scat and Miss Bologney are doing up parcels, and talking over Mr. Pussywinkle, the new floorwalker.

"Well, dearie, I suppose somewhere, some cat will fall for his type, but I can't imagine it!" says Miss Scat, who is very caustic at times. "Minus ten on sex appeal, I should rate him!"





THE TOILET GOODS COUNTER

MONDAY NIGHT AT THE OPERA

"Aida" is being sung for the first time this season at the Meow Opera House before a brilliant representative audience. Mme. Claudine Mewso, the popular prima donna, is doing Aida. The Opera House has been completely renovated in delicate shades of mouse gray and liver red, making the scene truly regal. The box-holders are, beginning with the upper tier stage box, Mr. and Mrs. Klaws Milkstein; Mrs. Harry Van Growl and party (Mrs. Van Growl with her beautiful back to the audience); Mrs. and Miss Mange and party; and lastly Mme. Luisa Yowler, Fraulein Johanna Purr, and Miss Lilly Hiss, three members of the company who are not in the present bill. The Milksteins care very little for "Aida." "Fledermaus" and the "Tails of Hoffman" are their favorite operas.

The lower tier is in the throes of a great commotion, owing to the fact that Mrs. Elihu Paw, who was expecting a family, came on the wrong evening. Six dear little kittens have been added to the party. The three débutantes in the rear of the box are having hysterics. Being simple debs, they are very, very shocked. To the left of the Paw box Mrs. Catlett-Jones, the popular divorcée, is entertaining. The box on the right of poor Mrs. Paw is occupied on odd Mondays by Miss Mousey's finishing school for young-lady cats. This is an odd Monday, unfortunately. The stage box is overflowing with a lot of *nouveaux riches*. On the stage the "Triumphal March" is in progress.





MONDAY NIGHT AT THE OPERA

APARTMENT HUNTING

"Seven mouse holes in the kitchen,—and such a nice dark kitchen, too. Klaus, dear, we really must have this apartment."

"But, Winifred, love, they don't allow any children in this building!"

"Oh, bother the children. Let's take it anyway. Just think how exclusive 'Mouse Arms' would look on our letter paper,—and the telephone number, '888 Fishhead!' Such an appetizing sound. Besides, all sorts of things might happen to children between now and October first!"





APARTMENT HUNTING

THE DIVORCE COURT

Between sessions in the court room young Gerald De Paw, the gilded scion, and Mrs. Jennie De Paw, *née* Catsmeat, meet face to face for the first time since the annulment proceedings were instituted by Gerald's gild-edge parents. It is a tense moment for both Jennie and Gerald. Jennie is borne up in her grief by her lawyer, Mr. Moe Herring, and her dear mother, Mrs. Nellie Catsmeat. Gerald is with his mother, who was a Van Whisker before her marriage. Briefly, Gerald, being young and impressionable, fell under the spell of the beautiful Jennie along toward the end of freshman year at Wail University. Jennie waited on table at commons, although she was very much above such work. Well, flaming youth had its fling, and now the De Paw family are trying to annul the marriage on the ground that Jennie has weasel blood in her veins, and failed to inform Gerald. Imagine a Catsmeat with weasel blood! No wonder Mama Catsmeat is wild with anger. Those letters in her hand bag are none other than the letters Gerald wrote Jennie. Such a mix-up!





THE DIVORCE COURT

THE SCENIC RAILWAY

A Trip to Bird Hollow is one of the most popular features at Creamland Park, that playground de luxe for young and old. This season, according to Miss Blanche Frisk, Creamland's press representative, since the addition of a new stuffed bird (a beautiful white stork), business has been simply terrific. Even those to whom the ups and downs of a roller coaster impart a giddiness, and even a slight nausea, have succumbed to the delights of a Trip to Bird Hollow, and patronage at the Kitten Incubators, the Furrish Wheel, and the Mouse Trap has suffered in consequence.

These two cars are filled with delegates and their families who are attending the Wholesale Milk, Fish, and Liver Dealers' Convention at the Hotel Catler.





THE SCENIC RAILWAY

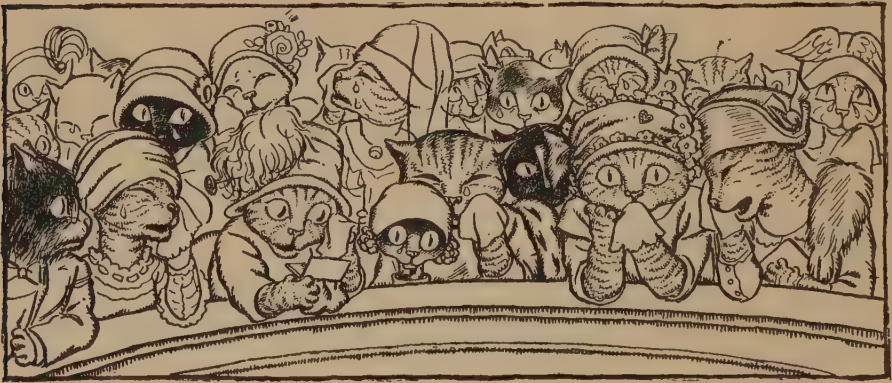
THE SAD PLAY

The curtain has fallen on the next to the last act of *The Wild Duck*, and tears are falling thick and fast in the stage box occupied by Mrs. Grosvenor Pussywinkle and party. Not having read the play, they one and all expect the Wild Duck to be shot in this next and last act.

"Did you," Mabel Growl is saying to Miss Lorena Prey, across Mrs. Pussywinkle, "ever in all your *lives* see such stage presence! I didn't suppose a duck had it in her."

"And such personality," replies Miss Prey, who sits nearest the stage. "Why, I've clawed right through my new white gloves applauding!"

This is the first time in years that old Mr. Cooncat (standing in back) who comes from New England and is very unemotional, has cried at a play. A great compliment indeed to the histrionic ability of Dorothy Gosling, who enacts the Wild Duck.





THE SAD PLAY

THE BOARDING HOUSE

"I hear you've lost your new boarder, Mrs. Liverwitz?"

"Indeed I have, and good riddance to her, the minx! Such untidiness you never saw in all your nine lives! She used to eat in bed at night, and oh, what a mess! Mornings I'd find bits of salmon and feathers and mouse bones between the sheets. It was too much the day I found a fish head wrapped up in one of my best lace tidies, and I told her to go!"





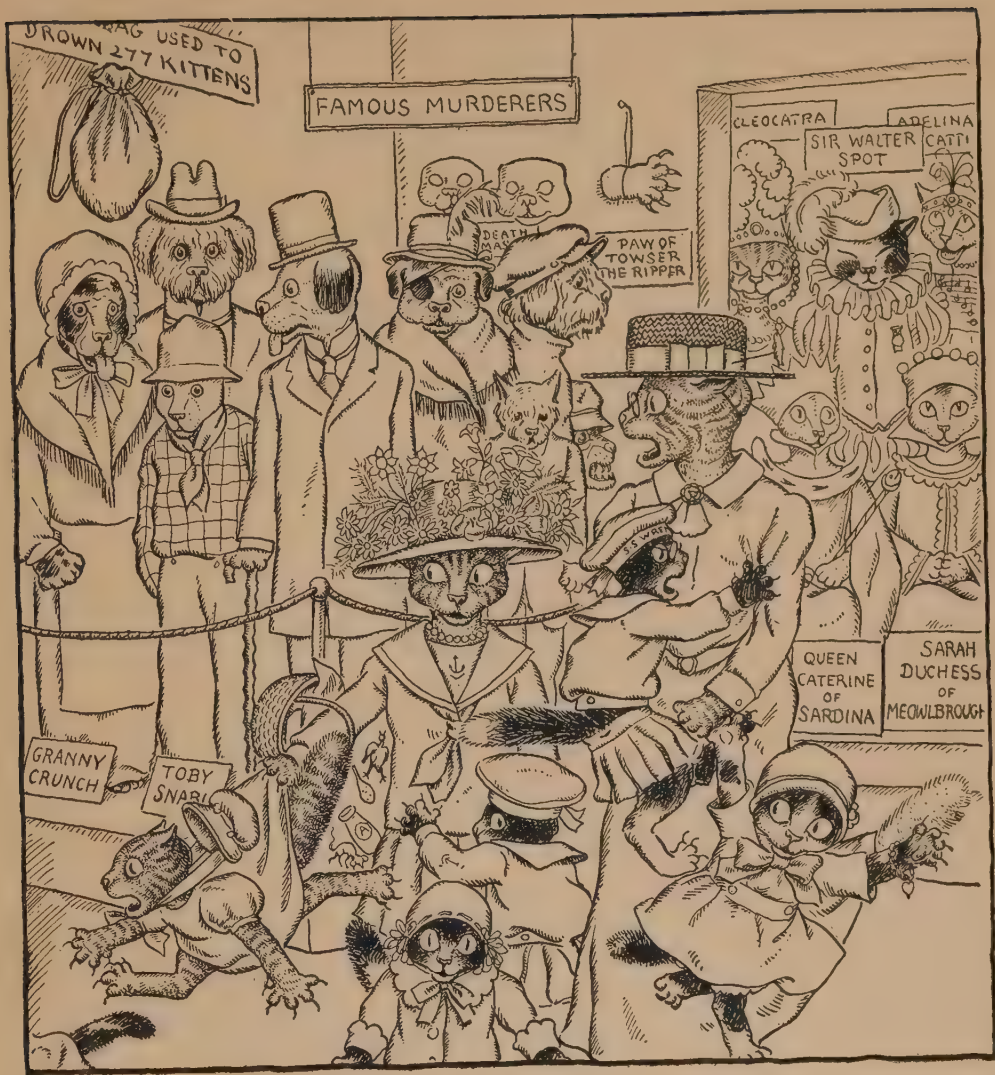
THE BOARDING HOUSE

THE WAX WORKS

Neither Mrs. Wilbur Furry nor the younger Furrys will be anything but bundles of raw nerves for weeks and weeks, that's certain. They had been spending a delightful afternoon at the wax works, looking at this and at that, and were enjoying an instructive stroll through the historical gallery, when, quite without warning, they rounded a corner and came face to face with the most awful sights imaginable in the Chamber of Horrors. It sent the shivers up and down their tails.

"Wouldn't you think," said Mrs. Furry to her friend, Mrs. Steak, some hours later, "there were enough unpleasant things to see in life without paying good money to see more of them?"





THE WAX WORKS

DISOBEDIENT IDA

"Why, Ida! You naughty, naughty child! There's not a single gold fish left and mama distinctly told you *not* to eat between meals! Aren't you *ashamed* of yourself, you bad girl!"





DISOBEDIENT IDA

THE FIVE-DAY BOAT

Three days out, and the first choppy sea! This is the fashionable hour on board the S.S. Catalonia, when all those who are not too indisposed are up on deck.

In the center of the lower deck group are Mrs. Sydney Catsup of Plainfield, N. J., and Mrs. Horton St. Chop (pronounced sinchup) of Evanston, Ill. Mrs. Catsup is telling Mrs. St. Chop how disappointed she is sure to be in the Catacombs: "Really, nothing to see but a few old bones and they are nothing to rave about!" Then they talk about prices at home and abroad. "Last summer," Mrs. St. Chop relates, "I bought a rubber mouse for my little niece, in Fiesole—and would you believe it? I found the very same thing at Field's in Chicago for half the money!"

On the deck above, in the middle foreground, Miss Fredericka Crunch of Indianapolis, Ind., is making up to the ship's doctor. "The sea must be full of wonders," purrs Miss Fredericka. Her dear mama, who certainly would never let Freddy get away with the handsome doctor if she were up and doing, is lying prone in the steamer chair at Fredericka's left, too ill to feel even a maternal interest in the young man.

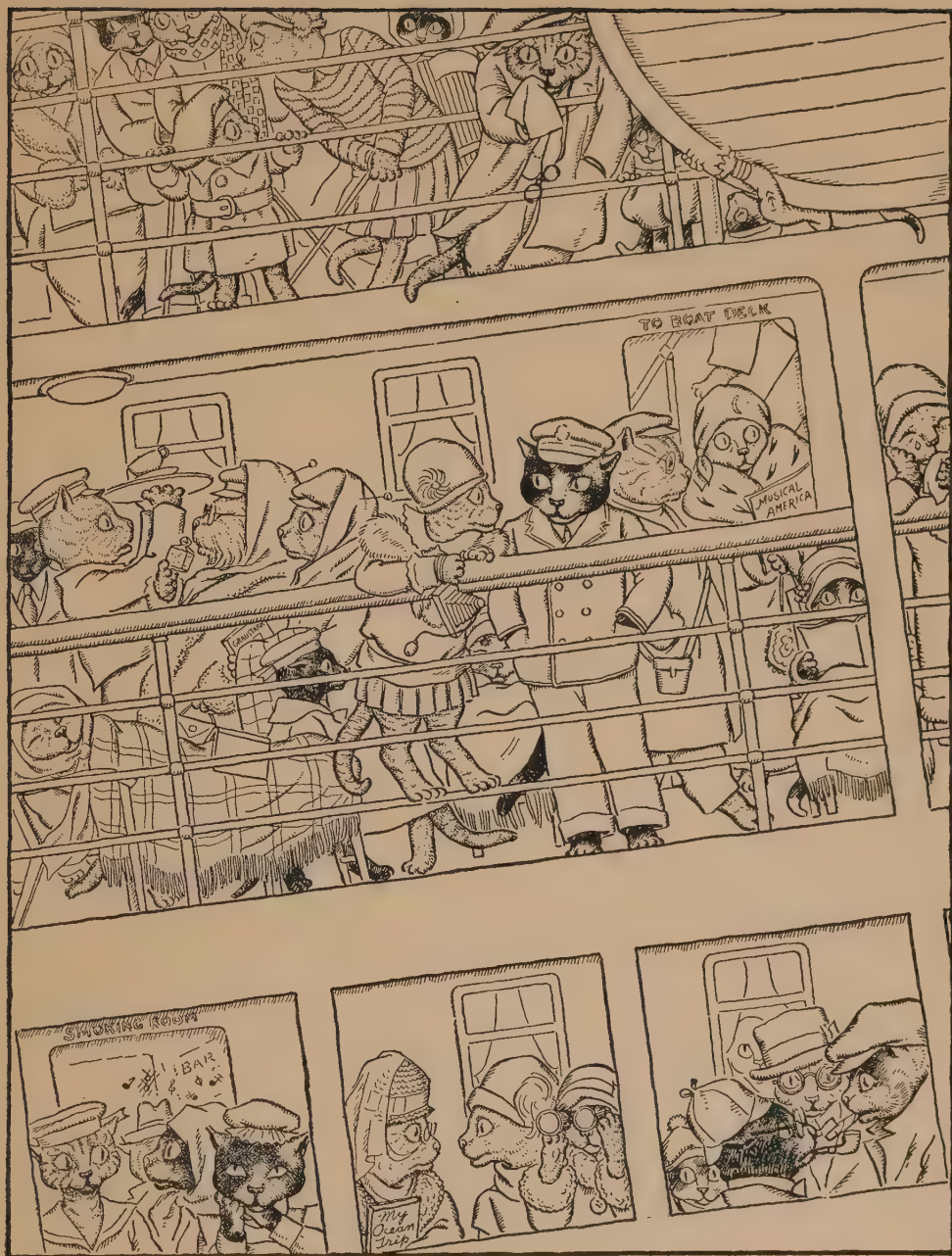
Framed in the doorway is Miss May Olga Duckling, the ship's celebrity and a lieder singer of note as all who attended the ship's concert last night know. Miss Duckling sang *Fickle, Fickle Katkin*, to perfect oceans of applause.



On the boat deck at the extreme left is Mrs. LeGrand Tit-bit, *née* Teeney Bloodgood of Hackensack, writing with difficulty in her "Line a day." Supported by the lifeboat is her husband LeGrand, who dislikes ocean travel.

Mrs. Tit-bit's sister, Mignon, is not on deck just now. She is down seeing the purser about changing staterooms. Mignon was put with a very common cat who has fleas—in an inside stateroom which makes it much more trying—and each day the purser promises to do something about it.

Such is life on the ocean wave!



THE FIVE-DAY BOAT

THE PERFECT FIGURE

"Louise, dear, how *do* you keep your pretty little figure? You're so flat in front and so slim over the hips!"

"Well, Caroline, for one thing, I never worry. If something happens to a kitten, I think to myself: there will always be kittens. Or if Fred stays out all night, as even the most considerate husband *will* do once in a while, I just telephone the Bide-a-Wee and ask them to send up a tomcat who plays a good game of bridge, and make the best of it."





THE PERFECT FIGURE

THE PSYCHIATRIST

Poor Lilly Roe is in a highly nervous state. Her psyche is all upset. And so her mother, Mrs. Howell Roe, has wisely brought Lilly to Dr. Kohlkatz, who knows all about what you should dream of at night and what you shouldn't.

"Now, Lilly child," prompts Mrs. Roe, who is a great believer in the cataleptic unconscious mind, "tell the doctor about the mouse nightmare you had."

Well, Lilly tells the doctor about a dream in which a mouse seemed to jump out at her from a dark passage with intent and purpose of assaulting her. Only the fact that she woke up saved her. Right away Dr. Kohlkatz understands Lilly's case.

"It's nothing more nor less," says he, "than an inferiority complex. Twenty-five dollars, please."





THE PSYCHIATRIST

THE BACHELOR'S BRIDE

A great many there are who feel that Eloise Freepaw is doing very well in marrying Cortlandt Van Whisker. Everybody knows who the Van Whiskers are, but practically nobody knew anything about the Freepaws before old man Freepaw made his pile in "Swamp Mouse," the household remedy. "Equally efficacious," so ran the directions, "for that tired feeling, heart or kidney trouble, gastric over-exhilaration, stiff paw, and all nervous disorders. Used externally it is a sure cure for inhibited mange." There are certain things about Cortlandt that Eloise should have been warned about, however. For Cortlandt has been a very gay bachelor, almost too gay, some would say. Poor Eloise, her pretty wedding has all but been spoiled by the unbidden presence of three heartbroken and deserted fiancées with as many batches of kittens, all up in the gallery fortunately. A fourth young lady with more kittens is even now battling with the sexton for admittance. It is well that the choir cats are chanting *Robin Adair* loudly, for some of the kittens who just won't be hushed up, cunning little things, are calling out, "Hello, daddy!"

All in all it is a very tasteful wedding party. The bridesmaids in salmon pink are carrying pink Teddy bears, and Eloise is wearing her dear mother's wedding gown—made over for the occasion, of course. And did you ever see anything cuter than little Bunty, the youngest Freepaw, who is walking ahead scattering canary feathers before the happy pair!





THE BACHELOR'S BRIDE

CHERRY AND HER MILLIONAIRE

"Such lovely gifts, Mrs. Titmouse! What a lucky kitten Cherry is, to have a rich old man like Mr. Catmouse so crazy over her. Aren't you pleased?"

"In a way, I am, Mrs. Stew, but it's getting to be an awful nuisance. First he wants to adopt her, and then he thinks he'll wait a month or two till she's older and marry her. In the meantime she's growing and I don't dare let out her dresses for fear she'll lose that cute look he's so crazy about. And the front yard is full of reporters and photographers from the newspapers till I don't dare go outside my door for fear I'll be in a news reel! And, my dear, Cherry is getting so conceited there's no living with her—always running to the window and posing for the cameras with her mouse doll. (She hates it really.) I wish you could see the affected kisses she throws them. The Daily Catcall wants her to write her memoirs! Imagine—all about how she loves her 'daddykins' as she calls him. I don't know what the world is coming to, Mrs. Stew, I really don't!"





CHERRY AND HER MILLIONAIRE

THE EXTRA CATS

"There goes that conceited Vilma Growl. I never, in all my lives, heard such an affected purr!"

"And such a *negative* personality! Why, they say every studio she works at is absolutely devoid of mice after she's been around. They feel her lack of magnetism, somehow, and stay away."





THE EXTRA CATS

THE UNRULY ARTHUR

"Don't you lie to me, Arthur Catlett! You've been eating again in school hours. I can see the tail of something hanging from your mouth. Go right over to the window and spit that mouse out! Aren't you ashamed, a big boy like you, getting only 'D' on your report card!"



English 4. Written Test.

no 1. "The owl and the pussy cat
Went to sea."

Complete the stanza from memory.

no 2. (a) Write a brief character study of the owl.

(b) Contrast the owl with Pol's raven:

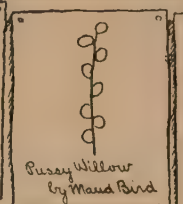
no 3. Give a brief resume of the plot of "Three Blind Mice."

no 4. Who said "If fishes were horses" and why?

no 5. (a) Tell in your own words the plot of "The Three
Little Kittens who Lost Their Mice"

(b) Why were they upset?

no 6. Who wrote "Goosey Gander"



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UNRULY ARTHUR

NEW FURS

"Why, Mrs. Purrdy, what an appetizing new cape! Tell me, is it the new summer mouse?"

"Goodness, no, Mrs. Suett, it's only electric bat!"

"Well, my dear, I'd have sworn it was the new summer mouse. One can almost hear it squeal!"





NEW FURS

THE BRIDAL VEIL

The Bride's Mama: Just fourteen months ago I wore that veil. How time does fly! I remember how mad I was when your father caught his claws in it, going down the aisle. And to think, Gertrude, in another twelve months or so, a daughter of yours may be wearing it.

The Little Bride: Oh, mama dear, stop. You're making me cry. There'll be tear tracks all over the black flag powder!





THE BRIDAL VEIL







